

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, Price 6d.; or 10d. if sent into the Country, Post Free, on the Day of Publication. Country and Foreign Readers may be supplied with the unstamped edition in Monthly and Quarterly Parts.

No. 291. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1824. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Travels in the Republic of Colombia, in the Years 1822 and 1823. By G. MOLLIEN. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 460. London, 1824.

INFORMATION respecting the late Spanish colonies in South America, at this moment, is most important to the interests of Europe. Every account hitherto given of these extensive countries has been limited and imperfect, as well as erroneous; in fact, we cannot expect, for several years, to obtain satisfactory information from states that have suffered so many changes, where travelling is so fatiguing and dangerous, and where the fears of climate are superadded to the more immediate risks arising from want of law and social organization. Colombia, as having been engaged in the most protracted and sanguinary struggle for independence, merits our most particular regard; and yet, strange to say, we have not one single work regarding it that can satisfy an intelligent mind. The work of Depon, and still more that of Humboldt, make us acquainted with the productions and physical aspect of the country, but leave out of view the more important subjects of national manners, habits, and principles of action. Great changes must naturally have been accomplished since the inhabitants threw off the Spanish yoke; and it is now become a question of great interest to ascertain the real state of things, unobscured by prejudice or partiality. Part of this desideratum has been answered by M. Mollien. Advantageously known by his travels in Africa, this gentleman seems to possess many qualifications for exploring new countries—quickness of observation, patience under difficulties, and an inexhaustible feeling of curiosity. After all, we cannot say that he has produced such a work as twelve months' residence had led us to anticipate; but still we feel grateful for the information it contains. His general observations on the manners and feelings of the people are excellent, but rather too few; had he substituted some philosophical reflections instead of the detail of the petty incidents of travelling, his work would have given a much more useful sketch of the inhabitants of the New World. As much exaggeration has prevailed relative to South America, and to Colombia more than to any other part, it may be useful both to the traveller and the mercantile speculator, if we at present offer some remarks on the state of the country and the condition of the inhabitants, as they have occurred to us from readings and personal observation.

After the conquest of Mexico, Peru, and the surrounding countries, emigration from Spain flowed westward, in a wide and rapid stream, for more than a century. The young, the bold, the enterprising, found the colonies the land of adventure; and the marvellous tales propagated by the early *conquistadores*, resembling the oriental extravagance imported into Europe by the crusaders, roused up hosts of moneyless adventurers, throughout Spain and Germany, to brave the dangers of the sea, the unhealthiness of the land, and the deadly arrows of the Indians, in quest of gold, the loadstone of their affections. Few of these adventurers ever returned to the land of their birth, and still fewer obtained wealth and rank in the land of their adoption. When the first struggles with the natives had subsided, the conquerors built towns and villages on the margins of lakes and rivers, and, employing the Indian and the Negro to toil in the mines, or to supply their wants and avarice in the cultivation of tropical productions, they gave themselves up to the indolence which forms such a striking feature in the Spanish character, and which was here doubly endeared to them by the enervating influence of the climate. Few women having encountered the dangers of the sea, in search of a settlement—unlike the adventurous ladies of modern England, who flock to Indostan,—the *conquistadores* formed alliances with the people of the country; and hence has sprung up a mongrel breed of half-Indians, half-Negroes, and all the intermediate shades of degradation. The *white* colour of the Spaniards—*lucus a non lucendo*—was the emblem of command, and the criterion of rank and honour; the farther from it the different races were removed, the lower was their place in society. The privilege of the white was to command; the duty of the man of colour, to obey. All privileges and exemptions were conferred on the one; all burdens and labour were entailed on the other. After some time, the Indians were likewise protected by law, and still more by the influence of the church, which has always (in the New World) restrained the excesses of power. At the present moment, the Indians have lost their privileges—with Bolivar, *Tros Tyriu're nullo discrimine*, all are forced into the ranks of war, or their houses pillaged, their property confiscated, and their lives proscribed! The Atlantic cities still retain a respectable proportion of whites;—but, if we take the inhabitants of Colombia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific (in fact, the inhabitants of South America),

we shall find that the coloured race form more than *three-fourths* of the population! Every man, above the rank of an Indian, resides in towns, amidst filth and disease; the wretched half-breeds live secluded in the forests, starving in the midst of abundance! The Spaniards and their descendants have merely *extended* the cultivation of plains formerly cultivated, and have scarcely improved the rude practices of the aborigines. A few families live in something like state; but the great mass of the inhabitants are shepherds, labourers, hunters, and fishermen! Living in the most philosophic ignorance of the simplest comforts of European life, they are contented with a rude hut, open to the winds and rain, with a skin for a bed, with a few earthen utensils, like the Arabs of Sahara, with *banians* to supply their most urgent wants, and the wretched *chicha* for the purpose of inebriation,—like the Mexicans with their dearly-beloved *pulque*, they dose away their lives in smoking and indolence! Such is the character of *nine-tenths* of the Colombians! Such are the men for whom Europe has been called upon to open her treasures, to rescue them from the grasp of Spain! Independence, indeed, they have obtained, more through the weakness of Spain than their own talent or unanimity; but those who believe that this change is all that is requisite to open the way to wealth and influence, are most strangely deceived. They cry out for money, for laws; tell them to work for it, to be industrious, they will laugh you to scorn. A demi-savage race, specious and deceitful, they have not yet acquired the least idea of industry. Let a foreigner visit them, smiles and civilities are lavished on him; privileges are conferred on him, and, trusting to this fair appearance, he begins improvements, invests money in land, and tries to give the people some tincture of the enterprise of Europe. Then their *envy* bursts out—they harass him in every possible manner; the government cannot afford to protect a foreigner, scarcely a native; and the deluded stranger finds out, at last, on what a ‘fordorn hope’ he has gone, by trusting to ‘Colombian promises—Colombian honours?’—What a great people the Colombians might become, if they had only industry and honesty! Let us see: two millions and a half of semi-barbarians are scattered over a tract of country more than fifteen hundred miles in length, and as many in breadth; the population, therefore, is but scanty, and, in addition, the difficulties of communication, the want of roads, the barrenness of the places, the impassable

ridges of the mountains, present such obstacles to a rapid increase, that we have little hesitation in maintaining that centuries will elapse before Colombia can rise to the *present wealth and importance of the United States of America.* In the one, we find settlers emigrating from the wealthiest and most civilized portions of Europe, bringing with them the arts, enterprise, and intelligence of their respective countries: in the other, we find men degraded by ignorance and tyranny, unfit to improve the countries they visit, incapable of any wise or virtuous endeavour, but, like the West Indian, contented with what they can obtain without labour, from the spontaneous bounty of nature, forming their sole enjoyment in their beloved indolence! That the soil is, in many places, most fertile, no one will deny; that the mines of gold and silver are many, is known to all; but what disadvantages of climate and remoteness of situation counteract these gifts, were they not, in fact, rendered useless by the savage indolence of the inhabitants! Even the small portion of wealth and intelligence that remained in the maritime cities has lately been rooted out by the ferocious violence of Bolivar and his Tartar hordes:—the Spanish merchants, who retained whatever probity, public spirit, or independent feeling the country could boast of, have been driven in beggary from their country, and their possessions distributed amongst the jackals of the wonder-working liberator! To be sure, we are told that the Colombian congress are daily passing equitable laws, reforming the administration of justice, and restraining rapacity and vexation; but are these laws put in *execution?* What are the members of congress?—A few poor priests and attorneys of Bogotá, selected by Bolivar, or the savage mulatto, Paës, to register his orders; and, in the mean time, to delude the people of Europe, by selecting some high-sounding notions of justice and policy from the constitutions of the United States! But whilst these specious laws are passing, the *senate* and *deputies* (so Bolivar's clerks are 'cleft), are not the soldiers of Bolivar, the heroes of Boyaco and Carabobo, plundering the wretched hunter of the Cordilleras, the sickly fisherman, or the *bogas*, on the unhealthy shores of the Magdalena, forcing the Indian and Negro into the ranks, by means of the whip and bayonet, and then proclaiming the liberty and independence of their 'heroic country?' It is really too ridiculous to speak of the public spirit of a country where the public voice cannot be heard—where the people are either the most wretched of cultivators, or the most ferocious of wandering shepherds—the Tartars of the New World! Had Morillo been supported by Spain, Colombia would not have become independent for ages; had the French sent *ten thousand men* to sustain Ferdinand's cause, they would have marched triumphantly from the Magdalena to the La Plata: Bolivar would have saved himself immediately amidst the fastnesses of Choco, or fled again to his old retreat, amongst the blacks of Curassoa. When Morillo crossed the Andes with his

little army, chasing Bolivar before him as chaff before the winds, Bogotá, the capital, received him with the utmost joy and gratitude! Yes! the ferocious Morillo, blood-stained as he was, was preferred to the savage and unruly hordes of Tartars following Bolivar, Paës, and Padilla!—Another obstacle to the peace of Colombia is, the opposite interest of the blacks and Indians, who hate each other with more than Spanish ferocity. The country cannot enjoy peace or tranquillity till the one or the other gains the ascendancy; in the mean time, a series of revolutions and civil wars may be expected,—another *bellum servile*, accompanied with more than ancient violence and treachery. If the whites possess more intelligence, they have less industry and perseverance than their coloured allies; their physical strength is greatly inferior, and their numbers are so small, that we should not be surprised to see Colombia present the picture of another St. Domingo!

We now proceed to notice the contents of *The Travels in the Republic of Colombia*. Mr. Mollien landed at Cartagena, ascended the Magdalena to Honda, the landing-place whence goods are sent to Cundinamarca, and the regions along the *Western Cordilleras*; crossed the mountains to the plains and city of Bogotá, resided several months in its neighbourhood, and returned to Europe by way of Popayan, Panama, and Chagres. The following is his account of the appearance of Cartagena:—

'Cartagena presents the melancholy aspect of a cloister, long galleries, short and clumsy columns, streets narrow and dark, from the too great projection of the terraces, which almost prevent the admission of daylight; the greater part of the houses are dirty, full of smoke, poverty-stricken, and sheltering beings still more filthy, black, and miserable. Such is the picture first presented by a city adorned with the name of the rival of Rome. * * * The rooms are nothing but immense porches, in which the cool air, unfortunately so rare, might be respired with the utmost delight, were it not for the stings of thousands of insects, and for the bats, whose bites are not only painful, but venomous. A table, half a dozen common chairs, a mat bed, a large jar, and two candlesticks, generally compose the whole stock of furniture of these habitations,—which are built of brick, and covered with tiles.'

On ascending the Magdalena, our traveller encountered many difficulties from the insubordination of the *bogas* (or boatmen), who frequently threatened to leave him, if not allowed to stop when and where they pleased. For two hundred miles up, he suffered greatly from the heat, untempered by a breath of air, and could not refresh himself by bathing in the river, on account of the caimans. The inhabitants of the banks of this unhealthy stream appear to be extremely wretched:—

'These people are very poor, and exceedingly unhappy, since, out of the ten plagues of Egypt, they have at least five;—the putridity of the water, ulcers, reptiles, large flies,

and the death of their first-born: in fact, they rear their children with the utmost difficulty. Twelve fowls compose his barn-yard, and he is considered a happy man if he can increase this stock with a cow, or even a pig; but he seldom possesses the means. His sole support consists of *banians*, fish, and sometimes game. Two or three dogs, trained to the chase, with some cats, devour the remains of his frugal meal. He generally possesses a cylinder, to manufacture *guarapo*, a syrup of fermented sugar, and a frame for weaving of mats; with some nets, darts, and *tortoise-shells*, which sometimes serve him for plates, and sometimes for seats: to this list of his utensils may be added a hatchet, a sabre, some calabashes, and earthen pipkins; and he is considered as a very careful provident man, if his store contains a few pieces of smoke-dried meat, and a few jars filled with maize.'

What a contrast their wretched situation presents to that of the enterprising settlers on the banks of the Ohio, in North America! It is the indolence of savages compared to the wonders effected by the hand of industry.

Though our author resided a considerable time in Bogotá, the capital, his account is not particularly interesting. So much is economy blended with splendour, that the Palace of the Deputies (as a large sort of barracks where the deputies meet is pompously termed) is let out for brandy-shops on the ground floor! Some customs remind the traveller of European society; but, like the forts on the coast of Africa, the moment he goes beyond the walls, every thing that appears is African and Savage. The streets of Bogotá are extremely filthy, like other Spanish towns.

'The shops are crowded together, dirty and dark; the only admission for daylight is by the door. These, however, are the places of resort for the idle. Seated upon his counter, smoking incessantly, and giving laconic answers to his customers, the Colombian merchant in many respects resembles those of Smyrna and Aleppo.'

On his journey to Popayan, M. Mollien found that half the towns and villages were deserted by the inhabitants, owing to the constant movements and actions of the soldiers, and the want of protection from the government. The dangers of crossing some of the ridges of the Andes, though along the regular road, from one town to another, are fearfully desisted in the following passage:—

'As soon as daylight appeared, our eyes were fixed upon the summit of Guanacas, and my experienced guide assured me that we should have a fine day and a pleasant journey. The mules were immediately saddled, and we departed with the assurance that the *paramo* would be free from storms. The first part of our journey we travelled, as on the preceding evening, through thick forests of low trees, loaded with water, which deluged us every time our mules touched their branches. The road was perhaps better than before, for, as it was formed

upon rocks, the producing any had met with tion as we ascen tation to be m that we were numbers of bl lay scattered they were th concealed their treats during th supposed it to here were shot further on, the its having died Our company b we advanced i we were all gay a word was spo other to see w in some of us that we might p 'Near this fear garments of a c servants who h a short distanc abandoned by upon *frailecos*, terminat their

M. Mollien ther pleased him

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upon rocks, the water ran over it without producing any of the dangerous marshes we had met with in other places. In proportion as we ascended, we observed the vegetation to be more sickly, and soon perceived that we were near the *paramo*, from the numbers of bleached human bones, which lay scattered all around. Perhaps, alas! they were those of the proscribed, who had concealed themselves in these frightful retreats during the late war. One might have supposed it to have been a field of battle: here were shoes; there, female clothing; further on, the head of an infant indicated its having died after having lost its mother. Our company became serious and silent as we advanced into these desolate regions; we were all gay in the morning, but now not a word was spoken, and we looked at each other to see whether fatigue did not excite in some of us a fatal propensity to sleep, that we might prevent its being indulged.'—'Near this fearful spot we recognised the garments of a clergyman, and of two black servants who had died beside him! and at a short distance, saw some mules which, abandoned by their masters, were living upon *railecos*, waiting till a tempest should terminate their sufferings.'

M. Mollien reaches Popayan, which rather pleased him:—

'It is not so easy to draw a comparison between Popayan and Santa Fé (de Bogotá) as each of them possess qualities highly valuable, but entirely different. Santa Fé, though not so well built, will always please foreigners more, merely from its being the capital. The houses of Popayan, however, are more handsomely constructed, and there are some that would not disgrace the finest parts of our cities: the street of *Belen* is particularly remarkable. The houses are all one story high, built in a straight line, and bordered with good foot-pavements; the windows are closed with balconies, and there are none of those gratings which produce so gloomy an effect.'

The last city, Mr. Mollien visits is Panama, which he thus describes:—

'At first sight, this place pleases the European: he sees houses of three stories, inhabited by several families; consequently, as in his own country, noise and bustle. To these features of resemblance which first strike him, must be added others that are less agreeable, especially excessive uncleanness, increased by that carelessness which is natural in a warm country, and among a people of Spanish origin. At Cartagena there is not a single chair; here the houses are crowded with furniture; fowls and pigeons enter every where, while in the court-yard, the pigs live on all the filth that is thrown out of the windows;—this being the only means the inhabitants have yet found of getting rid of it.'

Into the author's remarks on the probable fate of Columbia we cannot enter, and we can merely glance at his account of the manners and dispositions of the inhabitants. The men he considers excessively false and deceitful; much given to making of promises, but careless of their words. Sincerity

is a stranger to their dealings, and honesty almost unknown. The ladies enjoy great freedom, which does not prevent their being very licentious; but for this we must refer to the work itself. Smoking and reclining in a hammock are their only occupations. English fashions prevail all over Colombia, with some Spanish additions, or improvements, among which, we notice that of employing a ruffle, instead of a pocket-handkerchief!

We conclude by extracting a part of our traveller's general description of the aspect of the country:—

'The woods, mountains, or plains, are seldom animated by the presence of man: a profound silence reigns through nature; the desert spaces are so great, that during whole days the traveller might fancy himself in a country where human foot had never trod. The names of places, villages, and provinces, the manners, customs, and even the situations occupied by the Indians, are all unchanged. The solitudes are as profound, the forests as impenetrable, the mountains as inaccessible, animated nature as solitary—every thing, in short, with the exception of a few places, as savage as when the Spaniards entered the New World.*'

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Ravenna; or, Italian Love: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1824. THE public—at least the play-going part of it—has taken the lead of us in deciding on the merits of Ravenna; it was performed three nights, and, though rather favourably received, was found so inferior in point of attraction to *Der Freischutz* and *The Woman never vexed*, that it has been withdrawn. Of its merits as an acting play, however, an account is given in a subsequent page, by a critical friend of ours. It was observed by Horace Walpole, that Frederic Prince of Wales, represented the Black Prince in nothing, but that he died before his father; and we might add that Ravenna resembles the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, in that it is the joint production of two persons; though we can scarcely say this, since it is not quite original, but is a version, with considerable alterations, of the *Cabal and Love of Schiller*; the scene of action is removed from Germany to Milan; and it has undergone, says the authors, 'new modifications of feeling, sentiment, and character, which were deemed essential to its successful representation on the English stage.' After all, it has not proved successful; but to fail in producing a good tragedy is no disgrace, or positive proof of a deficiency of poetic talent: indeed, there are, in this play, several passages of great force and beauty, though the general dia-

* As it is our intention to recur to this work, and some of the observations in this article on the prospects of Colombia by no means accord with the opinions we had formed, we deem it necessary to state that the review is not our own, but is written by an intelligent gentleman, who passed some time in Colombia. In our next, we shall offer our opinion on Mr. Mollien's Colombia.—ED.

logue is meagre and deficient in spirit. Perhaps one of the best scenes is that in which Cesario has his first interview with Camilla, who is in love with him, and seeks an union, in order to free her from the Prince, while Ravenna, Cesario's father, in the true style of Italian love, promotes it, in order to preserve her to him, and disgrace his own son. This scene we shall quote:—

'Cesario. (*bowing distantly*) Lady, if this strange visit interrupt you—

Camilla. My lord, in nothing of great moment—

Ces. Lady,

I wait upon you by my father's mandate.

Cam. He hath obliged me much by that command.

Ces. And my strange mission here is to announce

Our nuptials, lady; 't is my father's will.

Cam. And not your own, my lord?

Ces. That, madam, it should seem

Matters but little.

Cam. (*Aside*) And is it so!—

And have you nothing more to add, my lord?

Ces. Much, lady, much.

Cam. Go, Marcellina—leave us.

[Exit Marcellina.]

We are now at liberty. I pray you sit—

Ces. Lady, excuse me. Some few moments will

Suffice me to explain—

Cam. I am prepared—

To hear—

Ces. Madam, I am a man of honour—

Cam. It is most certain. Otherwise, my lord, You had been spared the trouble of this visit.

Ces. I am of noble blood—

Cam. No better flows

Through any the most noble veins in Milan.

Ces. I wear a sword—

Cam. Worthy thou art to wear it— But why dwell on the accidents of fortune? You share in common with a multitude, And pass the nobler qualities you own—

Peculiar to yourself?

Ces. (*Coldly*) If I have such,

They do but ill befit my present mission.

Cam. (*Haughtily*) My lord, this language—

Ces. Is the language, lady, Of an illustrious line of ancestry, Who speak from out their marble tombs!—this heart!—

And this good sword!—which ne'er shall be dishonoured.

Cam. That sword was given you by the duke, my lord.

Ces. That sword was given me by my country, lady. But speak not of the duke—He is most powerful,

But can he abrogate the laws of honour? Or blunt the poisoned shafts of slander?—No! I speak not now of ancestors dishonoured, And the cold mockery of a无情 world— I speak not—

Cam. Lord Cesaria, spare me—

Ces. (*Taking her hand*) Forgive me, lady. We are here alone,

I must speak frankly. It has moved my wonder That a high-minded woman,—blessed beyond The fairest of her favoured sex with beauty, Taste, wit, and genius, meet to captivate The noblest heart, and hold its empire there— Could stoop—(Hesitates)

Cam. (*Regarding him proudly*) Nay, do not pause, my lord—to be

The mistress of a prince she must despise!
—Proceed, my lord—

Ces. Lady, 'tis even so—

A common mind might claim its palliation
In youth, seduced affection, or in pride!—
But, oh! a soul like thine to stoop to vice,
To deck itself in gilded infamy,
Because your paramour is royal—Oh!

'Tis monstrous.

Cam. (*Deeply affected*) Oh, my lord, you
know me not.
Not choice, but sad necessity—that power
Which oftentimes moulds us into what we are
Against our better nature—made Camilla
The wretched thing she is. I had no choice—
But the duke's arms or Death's—Alas! I had
Not fortitude to die. He r my sad story—
You are the only man who ever dared
To whisper truth to me—to you alone
I deign a vindication.

Ces. Lady, I listen.

Cam. Hear, then, a story—
Which none but you have ever known—which
none,
But you shall ever know, Cesario.—
Would not my present state disgrace my li-
neage,
I'd boast my birth was princely.
Venice, the ocean city, was my birth-place;
The great Duke Faliero was my father.
After the doom of death passed on his head—
His honours forfeited—his name proscribed—
Myself, his only child, an houseless orphan,
Fled here to Milan—and unknown and lowly,
Forgetting state and princely pride, and all
That my youth learned in my great father's
halls,
'Mongst strangers I passed on long years of
mourning—

Ces. The Doge Faliero's daughter!—Ah!—
how fallen.

Cam. The last of the few jewels I have saved
Was now expended. Poor—forlorn and friend-
less—

Deprived of name—a stranger and an orphan,
I was alone on earth without a ducat,
Or hope of sustenance for the next morrow.
It was a summer evening, and I wandered
Upon the banks of our blue stream;—already
Had I begun to measure in my fancy
Whether its waters or my woes were deepest,
When the duke past and saw me;—but why
speak

Of this—he loved me. Oh! what could I do—
The splendid images of what I had been
Crowded upon me with seducing splendour—
A comfortless futurity before me
Yawned like a grave darkly and fearfully—
I wanted sympathy from some kind heart,
I sank upon the duke's—

Ces. What have I done?
Oh! what a noble spirit have I wronged—
No more, no more—Can you forgive me, lady?

Cam. I know my own debasement—but I
know

I've made the noblest use of such a station.
Ere I was raised to dignity and power,
Vice queen'd it o'er the land, and laid it waste—
It tore the blushing bride from the young bosom
Of the adoring bridegroom—naught was safe
From the rude grasp of lawless power and pride.
Then stepped I forth to shield offended virtue,
And often have I with a wanton's tear,
Stainless from tears preserved the cheek of in-
nocence.

But I have done—my heart still hoped for one
Who would do justice to it. Oh, Cesario!
Should one who loves you as she loves high
heaven—

One who sighs for the virtue she hath lost—
Should she, thus bending lowly at your feet,

(*Kneeling to him.*)

Weeping beseech that you would rescue her
From her disgrace, and give her back to honour,
Would you reject her tears, and cast her from
you?

Could you do so, Cesario?

Ces. Lady, rise—
Forgive me, noblest woman!—I came here
Hoping to find you worthy of contempt—
Well had it been for both had it been so.
I leave you now the object of my wonder
And my esteem.

Cam. (*Aside*) That cold word freezes me.

Ces. Forgive me, lady, I must speak a truth
Which prudence would keep secret as the
grave;

But honour and thy noble nature prompt
Me to reveal—Lady, I love another—

Cam. You stab me to the heart—despair!—
another?

Ces. A lowly maid—the poor Sorano's
daughter.

Must I break vows, pledged by my soul to
Heaven,

And break a heart whose peace I first disturbed,
A young and innocent heart? Must I betray
her?

Must I abandon her—must I be villain?

Cam. (*Who has remained pale and motion-
less—recovering.*) Cesario, you destroy
yourself and me;

And with us yet a third—

Ces. A third!—

Cam. Even so!
You ne'er can wed another—no—Cesario,
You ask too much—I have refused a throne
For thee, Cesario—for thee, would reject
The empire of the world—to be thy slave.
Heaven be my witness, I would offer up
My life upon the altar of thy happiness.
But, for my love, I cannot part with that;
Oh! it is more than life—my heart and brain
Are mad with it—thou shalt be mine or no-
thing—

Never will I resign thee—Oh! farewell—
Think on the words of a distracted woman.

(*Rushes out.*)
Ces. (*Alone*) And is it so? for what am I
reserved?

Must I be tamely sacrificed?—Oh, God!
Is it a father's voice that bids me perish?
'Tis certain he suspects—Ha! should he dare—
Strange fears are crowding on me!—we must
fly,

There is no safety here—our only hope
Lies in swift flight. Away—it shall be done.

(*Exit.*)
We are not aware that we could select a
more favourable specimen of the play, and
shall not lessen its effect by any remark.

Scenes and Thoughts. 12mo. pp. 273.
London, 1824.

MANY of the scenes in this volume are highly descriptive, and the thoughts are sensible and correct. The author throughout displays a most amiable feeling, and is an eloquent advocate in the cause of morality. The articles, fifteen in number, are on well-selected subjects, and are, altogether, of a domestic nature. Among those which we prefer, as possessing considerable merit, are, 'A Tale for Love,' 'Fond Memorials,' a 'Country Sunday,' and 'Home,' particularly the latter. It is said that the English

alone know the full meaning of the word comfort—and, we may add, that no person can know it so well as in the delights of home; to quote the words of our author, the very word, 'like the sound of pure and perfect harmony, can, in the pure and unsophisticated heart, still every unruly passion, hush every angry and unquiet feeling, and shed a calm and placid serenity upon the heart.' 'Home,' as he again observes, 'is the little spot upon this wide earth to which the eyes of the wanderer are directed, even while he is exploring unknown regions and traversing new lands. It is the soothing opiate which lulls the weary soldier, when his ears have been stunned with the din of battle, and his sight has been assailed by scenes of horror. It is the magnet which impels the adventurous youth through the perils of the ocean, and makes him brave with unwearied courage, the stern and conflicting elements,—the haven in which he is to repose after the tempest, and where he is to seek peace from the whirlwind.'

The author's *Thoughts* on home are followed by a charming domestic scene, in which there is a great deal of nature and pathos. Having said thus much, we shall quote one entire article, and leave the author to the public, with whom, we doubt not, he will become a favourite, if not one already. It is entitled—

Fond Memorials.—There is something irresistibly touching and beautiful in the tender mementos which are in some places nourished of those whose spirits have taken their flight, leaving friends to mourn and to sorrow over their tombs; and in that reverential feeling which leads the survivors not only to consecrate, but to adorn, the little spots of earth which contain all that is left of those whose living forms they once fondly cherished.

The custom which has long subsisted, and even at present subsists, in some parts of England, as well as of Wales, of planting evergreens round the graves, has been frequently touched upon, and has appeared to charm the fancy of the poet, as well as the heart of the man of sensibility. It is one indeed which is singularly pleasing, and is calculated to nourish the most delightful sensations of which perhaps human nature is susceptible. It seems as if we could not bear the remembrance of our friends to be associated with any thing but what is pure and lovely? and, as if we fancied that while we can tend with tender care the shrubs that bloom around their ashes, we have still something which we can nourish for their sakes—something which, in imagination at any rate, can employ us in their service.

A few years ago, I was staying for some time at a little town upon the sea-coast, in the northern part of Wales. Upon the very skirts of the ocean, rose a simple house of God, not in sculptured pride, or in massy grandeur, but humble and lowly as the religion to whose service it was dedicated; and, while the Christian poured forth within its walls the sweet aspirations of piety, his prayers would mingle with the hoarse

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roaring of the waters, or the more distant murmur of the rippling waves, and forcibly reminding him of the dread power of Omnipotence, as well as that mercy which restrained its further exercise, would prompt him to utter still warmer effusions of reverence and gratitude.

The ground on every side of this lowly edifice was devoted to the reception of the last sad remains of mortality; and its still inhabitants lay quietly side by side under the grassy mounds which covered them, and which were, some bound with the twisted osier,—some arrayed with a bright garment of flowers strewed by the hand of affection. In one secluded corner, however, a green and fertile cluster caught the eye, discovered a little enclosure, in which were planted shrubs and aromatic herbs, at whose roots a few purple violets hid their modest heads, and with the blushing rose and the scented myrtle, filled the air with their delicious perfume: while a drooping willow at one end hung down its weeping branches over a marble tomb, and a grave cypress threw a darker shadow over the other. On one side of the tomb the following simple lines arrested the attention of the spectator:—

'Once lovely, pure, and good, on earth she dwelt,
Tinfuse the heav'ly peace she only felt;
To raise the drooping soul, to charm the heart,
And virtuous joy to all she lov'd, impart;
While peaceful and serene, her spotless mind
No earthly passion tainted or confin'd.
But ah! too pure in this mix'd scene to stay,
Her spirit sought to find a brighter way!
A God of mercy view'd the struggling soul
Striving to free itself from earth's contoul,
Then in compassion stay'd th' unequal strife,
And burst the bonds that fastened it to life;
Bid th'earaptured spirit soar on high,
And bloom for ever in its native sky.'

On the opposite side were inscribed these words:—

'Here are deposited
The remains of ELLEN,
Only surviving Daughter of MAJOR HOWELL;
Who, at the early age of nineteen,
Was snatched by Death,
From her fond Parents,
And admiring Friends,
On the 5th day of August, 18—.'

"The righteous shall see my face."

There was, near this sacred spot, a path leading to a little eminence about a hundred yards distant from the chapel, which I generally ascended twice or thrice every day to inhale the pure sea-breezes, and to gaze on the blue expanse before me. Here could I stand or sit for hours, with my eyes fixed upon this beautiful object, and my soul raised and expanded by the nature of the emotions which it excited. I then experienced the justness of Addison's observation, that the imagination "loves to be filled with an object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its capacity;" for mine certainly experienced the greatest delight in the contemplation of a scene of which grandeur and immensity formed the most striking features.

"One soft sunny evening, when the wa-

ters lay slumbering, as it were, in the capacious bed, and reflecting as in a mirror the bright beams of the setting sun; and when that glorious orb was sinking gradually but majestically into the horizon, I prepared to ascend to my usual station, that I might catch its last parting rays, and behold them apparently quenched in the ocean. Before I had reached the chapel, I perceived before me a female figure, clothed, as I thought, in the "habiliments of woe," and proceeding in the direction of the little cemetery I have described; but when, on turning her head, she descried me in the distance, she checked her steps, and walked slowly forward in the path I was myself pursuing. It immediately occurred to me, that this was some relative of her whose bones were consigned to this last home, and I resolved to be no impediment to the performance of the sacred offices which she was no doubt come to fulfil. I therefore quickened my pace, and soon overtook the poor mourner, whose face however was concealed by a long black veil, but whose figure was commanding, and whose step was dignified, though solemn. On quitting the burial-ground, instead of proceeding up the hill, I turned a little to the left, and placed myself behind a jutting point of the rock, from whence I could watch her motions, without being myself visible. In a few seconds I beheld her again approach the little cemetery, unlock the gate which led to it, and throw herself at the foot of the tomb, with her hands stretched upon the top, and her head resting upon them. When she had indulged her feelings for a few moments, she again arose, and stood with folded arms, gazing at this melancholy object, while her motionless form and sable garb seemed to fit her for the presiding genius of so sad and yet so lovely a spot. Rousing from her meditation, she then employed herself in pulling a few withered leaves off the overshadowing willow, and in adjusting two or three plants in a form perhaps more tasteful and elegant. For some time she seemed to be thus occupied, when again she prostrated herself before the grave, clasped her hands fervently together, and, raising her eyes towards heaven, appeared to be absorbed in mental devotion. Calmly she then arose, and, dropping her veil, seemed about to depart; but some tie, of more than mortal strength, drew her again to the inanimate marble. She paused—again turned away—and again looked back irresolute. 'Twas the last triumph she allowed to feeling. Waving her hand, as if bidding adieu to all most dear to her, she left the cemetery, fastened the entrance, and then, taking one long last look, departed; and I watched with interest her slowly-retreating figure, and her white handkerchief, which she long held to her face, and which convinced me, that she was indulging her sorrow. "Poor mourner?" thought I, "thou hast perhaps felt that pang more acute than every other—the pang of being separated from the being most precious to thy heart,—may be, from the tender plant

which, with maternal solicitude, thou hast nourished and supported on thy bosom, and hast watched over with anxious tenderness, and art now left, like a tree stricken by the tempest, leafless, bereaved, and desolate."

For three successive nights, I attended at the same spot, and witnessed a nearly similar scene. On each, did the same female appear, but on the third, when I approached the little cemetery after she had left it, I found that the weather having been dry and hot, she had refreshed the plants and shrubs with water, and they sent forth a grateful fragrance which perfumed the surrounding atmosphere.

I endeavoured to learn the story of the ill-fated Ellen, and the interesting mourner whom I had beheld sorrowing over her ashes; and I found that they were indeed the pangs of a mother's heart, which had caused the grief that I had witnessed. She had attended her husband abroad through many a scene of trial and of hardship;—she had dressed his wounds upon the day of battle, and she had watched over his soldier's lowly pallet with firm and unremitting tenderness; but his wounds were healed, and he rose from his sick bed astonished at her magnanimity, and grateful for her affection. They returned together to their native country, that they might seek a reward for their past sufferings in the bosom of the land that gave them birth, and in the happy retirement which they best loved. Several children blessed their union; but some were nipped in the bud of infancy, and the rest prematurely destroyed, ere yet they were fully unfolded into blossoms. One beloved daughter—their beauteous Ellen—alone remained to them. All the tender shoots were withered, save this one, and her they cherished as their sole remaining pride, their only surviving prop. They did not, however, allow their affections to blind their judgment, but subdued the strength of their attachment, that it might not be injurious to the character of their child. That child grew up all that her doting parents wished; and, lovely in mind as in person, she constituted their sum of happiness upon earth. But alas! the sweetest and most delicate flowers are often nipped the soonest by the chill wind, or by the blighting mildew. Her fragile form but too easily sunk under the pressure of disease, and like a tender reed bent beneath its own unsupported weight. Her eyes indeed sparkled with unusual lustre, but it was no more like the brilliance of health, than the false glare of a wandering meteor resembles the clear and steady effulgence of the meridian sun; and though a bright bloom coloured her cheek, it was not the rosy tint of vigour, but the harbinger of approaching ruin. The terrified parents beheld with horror the dreadful symptoms. In an agony of mind which none beside can fully appreciate, they tried all that nature dictated, or art devised, to stop the progress of the fatal malady. But it was too late. It made rapid and gigantic strides, and

hope itself was soon compelled to droop in anguish. The lovely victim saw her fate before her, but her wings were plumed for heaven, and she wished not to hover longer upon the earth. While her body drooped and languished, her mind became strengthened and purified, and the undecaying spirit seemed to shine forth more visibly and more beautifully, when the mortal shroud which enveloped it was gradually falling away. But though she grieved not for herself, she yet mourned for those whom she felt that her death would make but too desolate, and she tried to reconcile them to the prospect of her loss, and to prepare them to bear it with fortitude. This task she essayed unceasingly to complete, and she thought her labour was rewarded, for her nearly heart-broken parents affected before her a calmness which they could not feel, because they saw that it gave her pleasure. At length, life gradually waned,—and waned,—until its lamp shot up one bright but quivering gleam, and was then darkened for ever? She was dead—but the rose still lived in her cheek, and a smile still played upon the half-closed lips, whose last accents had breathed the fond name of mother! and those who looked upon her could scarcely believe but that she still sweetly slept. But there were two hearts which felt how surely she had left them for ever. Awake to an agonising sense of the reality of their misfortune, the unhappy parents gave way for some time to the bitterness of their feelings. They saw around them a dreary waste, without one pleasant spot on which their eyes could rest with joy. The hours of their paradise had disappeared, and with her its enchantment vanished. The poor bereaved mother first forgot the creature in the Christian. Leaning upon the "Rock of Ages," she rose above her grief, and bid her anguish cease, and her sighs be hushed. Her heart still indeed bled, but she stanch'd the wound by the efforts of piety. Her tears would still flow, but she dried them with religious hope; and if a murmur dared to hover on her lips, she dismissed it with religious horror.

Man, although perhaps better able to bear without intoxication the inebriating scenes of prosperity, is often, when at last he has been depressed by misfortune, less able to rise from beneath its pressure; as the tough oak, when once bent, cannot be again uplifted like the youthful ash or the slender willow. Thus it was with her stricken husband. No gleam of comfort seemed to enlighten the dark gloom which enshrouded his heart,—no ray of consolation penetrated there;—for, absorbed in one overwhelming consciousness, he sought not to alleviate or to diminish his sorrow. But, animated by trusting faith, his virtuous wife essayed to open to him a more cheering prospect; and, concealing the misery of her own, she tried to awaken in his soul some brighter feelings. Approving Heaven beheld, and smiled upon her endeavours,—the dawn of revived happiness gradually opened upon his mind,—the sun of religious

hope illuminated his path,—and though he did not cease to mourn, he yet mourned not as "one that had no hope."

Afraid to trust his beholding often the spot which contained the ashes of his child, this noble-minded female attended every evening to perform alone, and unassisted, save by the unseen arm which is "mighty" to support, as well as "to save," the sacred offices of affection; to ease her full heart at the tomb of her lamented daughter, and to implore divine aid and a fresh accession of heavenly grace; and then—to return with a serene and placid countenance, to bless and support the partner in her affliction.

Such is the glorious spirit which is infused into the breast by the blessed light, and by the consolatory truths, of religion. Such is the strength which may be derived from the sure anchor of faith. No other principle but this could sustain the soul through the severe trials of mortality, or give it firmness and stability to bear the angry storm, or the beating tempest. None but this can guide the wanderer safely through the wilderness of life, or bestow upon him, at its termination, the glorious meed of immortality.

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Mounteney's Historical Inquiry into the Principal Circumstances and Events relative to the late Emperor Napoleon.

(Continued from p. 776.)

PERHAPS no charge against the late much-calmiated emperor of France, excited so much indignation against him, as that of having poisoned his sick troops at Jaffa during the expedition to Egypt. Mr. now Sir Robert Wilson was, we believe, the first to bring the charge against him, and it has since been repeated on more questionable authority. Sir Robert fixes the number who thus perished at five hundred and eighty. Bonaparte, however, who hesitated not to meet the charge, stated to Lord Ebrington, in the interview his lordship had at Elba, that there were three or four men, of the army, who had the plague, and could not have lived twenty-four hours. He consulted his physician, Desgenettes, as to the means of removing them, and was told, that it would not only be attended with a risk of infection, but would be useless, as they were past recovery. Bonaparte then recommended him to give them a dose of opium rather than to leave them to the mercy of the Turks. The physician refused to do this, and the men were left to their fate. To several other persons Napoleon related the same circumstance, with little variation, save as to the number of persons, and the addition that, they all died before the rear-guard had evacuated the town, with the exception of one or two. Mr. Mounteney takes the whole of the evidence on both sides, and examining it in detail, clearly proves that, the charge against Bonaparte was not true.

The whole of this chapter is very interesting, and shows not only the great care and anxiety, but the tact Mr. Mounteney displays in eliciting the truth. After

weighing the evidence on both sides, he says:—

"We have shown that Napoleon took occasion to explain himself several times on the subject of the sick at Jaffa; and who is there that can peruse the statements, and, laying his hand upon his heart, declare they are evasive? We assuredly are not of the number. To us they appear the very opposite of evasion: what do they declare?"

1. That the number of men whose desperate situation rendered it necessary for Napoleon to take into consideration their peculiar case, was under two dozen.

2. That whatever might be suggested in regard to them, either by Napoleon or by one or more of the physicians, was principally, if not solely, with a view to their individual benefit.

3. That, amongst the plans proposed to abbreviate their sufferings, and to prevent them from experiencing still greater torture, was certainly that of the administration of opium; but that this mode was considered objectionable by some one or more persons to whom it was submitted.

4. That in consequence of this objection, no opium was given to any of the sick for the purpose of shortening life.

5. That a strong rear-guard was left by Napoleon at Jaffa, for the protection of such of the army as could not be removed:—and,

6. That the officer commanding this rear-guard reported to Napoleon, a few hours after he had quitted the city, that the men for whose care he was ordered to remain in Jaffa had paid the debt of nature.

These are the leading features of the case, and respecting one and all of these leading features, the whole of the accounts completely agree."

Mr. Mounteney concludes with several striking anecdotes of Bonaparte's care and humanity to his troops; indeed, had he been otherwise, he never could have been so long their idol, nor would the last words of his dying soldiers on the field of Waterloo have been "Vive l'Empereur."

If the charge of poisoning the sick was the most atrocious charge against Napoleon, that of cowardice is the most futile, and yet this is one of the charges made against him. But we shall leave our author to speak for himself. After quoting several passages from the New Times, in which Bonaparte is called a *run-a-way*, and charged with having "decamped from Waterloo to save his life," Mr. M. says:—

"Who, on reading these sentences, would not conclude Napoleon to have been the most arrant coward that ever drew breath; and yet this was the being, of all others, to make, from the cradle, his matress of the field and his pillow of the knapsack? Napoleon, after fighting 50 pitched battles, and exposing himself to dangers of every description, is—O! for the candour of liberal criticism!—at last discovered to have been a coward. This

charge, wherod Her last we co Editor of the terined o Napoleon is s coward! " opinion is is the very unreflecting the assertio may any gr reflect upon out seeing action is or what mater tempted to leon? Wil is called a the throne maintain it? battles in manded, he two or three retired where therefore he and a cowar have heard more, conce never, until exuberance did we learn enemies of life was a c to be regar hair-breadth less than a away at Wat pient conclu away for at Because one arrest the a sand bayone from them, If this is to commanders or Roman, their turns, What! will t with poltroon Turenne, at Turenne,—h lutionary ten puted a cov longer fight Cambrai? beca because he Treves? Wa he scampered ger stay at the pride of he turned his rain? Was cause he yiel Was de Noah disengaged hble from Geo Frederick of he sometime

charge, which may truly be said to out-herod Herod, is most certainly the very last we could have anticipated that the Editor of the New Times would have determined on; but so it stands, and Napoleon is styled a coward. Napoleon, a coward! "Such a drunken dream of an opinion is not to be called thought,—it is the very negation of all common sense: unreflecting people, indeed, may repeat the assertion, one after another, as they may any gross absurdity; but no one can reflect upon it, for a single moment, without seeing that it involves a contradiction of every principle by which human action is or can be governed."* And with what materials, truly, is cowardice attempted to be established against Napoleon? Will any mortal surmise that he is called a coward because he abdicated the throne when it was impossible to maintain it? Because, out of the many battles in which the late Emperor commanded, he was not victorious in some two or three of them, and consequently retired when the day was no longer his, therefore he naturally became a runaway and a coward. We have seen a little, we have heard much, and we have read more, concerning Napoleon, but assuredly never, until the Editor poured forth the exuberance of his fertile imagination, did we learn, from among the fiercest enemies of Napoleon, that he, whose life was a constant scene of perils, was to be regarded, after every danger and hair-breadth escape, as neither more nor less than a coward. "Napoleon ran away at Waterloo to save his life;"—sapien conclusion! What does a man run away for at any time but to save his life? Because one solitary individual could not arrest the assault of one hundred thousand bayonets, and therefore escaped from them, he thereby became a coward? If this is to follow, then all the greatest commanders, ancient or modern, Greek or Roman, Gallic or British, have, in their turns, been runaways and cowards. What! will the famed Condé be branded with poltroonery because he flew before Turenne, at Arras? Will the immortal Turenne,—he whose ashes even the revolutionary tempest spared,—will he be reputed a coward, because he could no longer fight at Mariendal,—at Rétal,—at Cambrai? Was Marlborough a coward, because he decamped before Villars, at Treves? Was Villars a coward, because he scampered off when he could no longer stay at Malplaquet? Was Eugene, the pride of Germany, a coward, because he turned his back on the French at Denain? Was Cumberland a coward, because he yielded to Saxe, at Fontenoy? Was de Noailles a coward, because he disengaged himself as quickly as possible from George II. at Dettingen? Was Frederick of Prussia a coward, because he sometimes retrograded before the

Austrians? Or, if we are to select instances still more recent, was the Duke of York a coward, because he capitulated to the French in Holland? Was Moreau a coward, for making that retreat which, more than all his victories, secures to him a place in history. Was Sir John Moore a coward, because he retired before Soult in Spain? Or, finally, must the prodigy of this day, the far-famed Wellington, be taxed with cowardice, because he once gave way to Massena, or because, on a subsequent occasion, he marched his forces up to the fortress of Burgos, and, discovering that the place was not to be taken, very wisely, marched them back again?

Mr. Mounteney then quotes several anecdotes to prove that Napoleon possessed great courage, not only in the field, but on other occasions; and he might have gone further back, to that period of the revolution, when he owed every thing to his personal courage and resolution. Some of the anecdotes adduced by our author have already appeared in our journal in reviews of the works whence they are extracted. One, however, we subjoin:—

"In the spring of 1815, Napoleon landed from Elba in the Gulf of Juan, and, with his little band of faithful followers, immediately commenced his march for Paris. "In the mean time, the king's troops, arrived from Grenoble, had retreated, and taken up a position three leagues from Gorp, between the lakes, and near a village. The Emperor reconnoitred them. He found his opponents to consist of one battalion of the 5th foot, a company of sappers, and another of miners, making in the whole from seven to eight hundred men. He despatched to them the *Chef d'Escadron*, Raoul. They refused to communicate with him. Napoleon, turning then to Marshal Bertrand, observed, 'Z— has deceived me. Never mind;—forward.' Alighting immediately from his horse, he marched straight to the enemy, followed by his guard with *reversed arms*. 'What, my friends!' exclaimed he, 'do you not recognise me?' I am your Emperor: if there be one amongst you who thirsts for my life, he may now glut his vengeance' (laying bare his bosom): 'here I am.' An unanimous shout of '*vive l'Empereur*' was the answer."

Another charge, first brought against Napoleon by Sir Robert Wilson, is that, three days after Jaffa was taken by assault, he caused 1,200 Turks to be shot. This charge Mr. Mounteney investigates at great length, as on it his opponent chiefly rests for handing Napoleon down to posterity with indignation. This is the more remarkable, as the editor of the New Times never believed it until it was related by Mr. O'Meara, on whom, however, he loses no opportunity of declaring little reliance can be placed.

"The Editor of The New Times asserts,—

1st. That Napoleon committed murder at Jaffa, to a most appalling extent.

2nd. That there was no necessity for the murder. And,

3rd. That the like extent of murder was never committed before by any nation, or individual, whether belonging to ancient or modern history.

In contradiction to these three assertions, we contend—1st. That the execution of any body of Turks at Jaffa, by Napoleon, may still be considered an historical doubt.

2nd. That if any execution on a body of Turks did take place at Jaffa, that it was authorized by the laws of war, and imperiously called for by the circumstances of the French army. And,

3rd. That history, both ancient and modern, presents many parallel cases to the execution, if such really occurred, of the Turks at Jaffa.

It is quite out of our power to follow Mr. Mounteney through the whole of his reasoning on this charge, or the facts by which he rebuts it. According to Mr. O'Meara, the following was Napoleon's account of the affair:—

"Napoleon inquired what Miot said about the shooting at Jaffa. I (O'Meara) replied, that he positively asserted Napoleon had caused between 3 and 4000 Turks to be shot, some days after the capture of Jaffa. Napoleon answered, 'It is not true there were so many: I ordered about 1000 or 1200 to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison at Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before, at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdat, upon their parole not to serve again, or to be found in arms against me, for a year. I had caused them to be escorted twelve leagues on their way to Bagdat by a division of my army: but those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdat, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce: immediately afterwards, we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall.'

Mr. Mounteney, as in the case of the charge of poisoning, first gives the evidence by which it is supported, and then reasons on it—very satisfactorily, we think; showing that the charge is by no means proved. In the course of his inquiry, he proves that the garrison of El-Arish, of which these Turks were a part, could not contain more than five or six hundred men; and yet Napoleon is charged, by different persons, with having shot from one to four thousand. The fact is, that the whole of the evidence, as to the shooting of these Turks, is vague and contradictory, and not the slightest reliance can be placed on any single account of this affair. The Quixotic and wayward, but, we believe, well-intentioned, Sir Robert Wilson, as well as a few others, merely infer that the Turks were shot, because they found a great quantity of human bones near Jaffa;

* Vide New Times journal, 23rd of September, 1822.

and the Archdeacon Carlyle is so minute, as to pretend to know 'the mangled and half-buried' remains of a Christian from a Turk. Now it is notorious, and Mr. Mounteney does not omit to notice it, that collections of human bones are no rarity in Egypt. They whiten in the scorching sun upon the sands of Aboukir; they are so plentiful, even in the Desert, that they are used for fires: and Dr. Clarke assures us, that 'between the village of Utka and a place called the Caravanserai, he saw the shore entirely covered with human skulls and bones, and that dogs were raking for human flesh and carrion.' We cannot, however, as we stated, follow Mr. Mounteney in his arguments, but shall quote his deductions as to the first question:—

'Our observations having so materially extended, we will conclude by recapitulating the substance of our latter pages.'

'That, out of the ten persons who assert that Napoleon caused a large body of Turks to be exterminated at Jaffa, *one only* declares that he partially saw what he relates.

'That, of these ten persons, four do not give any authority for the truth of their reports; three pretend that they had their details from Napoleon; two are anonymous writers; and one only speaks, as he says, from his own knowledge.'

'That the fact, contained in the account rendered by the three individuals who assert that they had it from Napoleon, had previously been twice contradicted; once by Napoleon himself, and once by his orders, through the channel of the French ambassador at the Court of St. James.'

'That the first person to publish any charge derogatory to Napoleon's character, has since retracted his accusation.'

'That there is reason to doubt whether the garrison of El-Arish, said to have been destroyed at Jaffa, by order of Napoleon, proceeded at all to Jaffa.'

'That there is reason to doubt whether, if this garrison did march towards Jaffa, it entered the walls of Jaffa.'

'That the particulars of the execution, delivered by the various writers mentioned by us, differ,

- as to the cause which occasioned it;
- as to the description of the individuals who suffered;
- as to the time at which they perished;
- as to the place at which they fell; and,
- as to their number.

'That the fort, whose garrison is said to have been annihilated, could not have contained the number of men specified.'

'That the relations of different travellers, and especially of Archdeacon Carlyle, respecting the appearance of skeletons and putrifying bodies in the immediate vicinity of Jaffa, can be accounted for from natural causes.'

'That the most respectable authorities at Jaffa, when addressed by a celebrated English traveller on the subject of the conduct which the French held there, were wholly silent respecting the destruction of any large number of natives;—and, lastly,

'That the publications with which, of late years, the press has so fruitfully teemed, concerning Napoleon, have, one and all, been denied by him to contain either his sentiments or a true statement of the actions of his life.'

Mr. Mounteney next proceeds to show that, even if the twelve hundred Turks were killed, 'it was authorized by the laws of war, and imperiously called for by the circumstances of the French army.' His arguments on this point are founded on the war of extermination which the Turks waged, and on the critical situation in which the French armies in Egypt were at the time. The savage warfare of the Turks is so well described, that we shall quote it:

'An insurrection broke forth at Cairo, and was not subdued without much bloodshed. In the mean time, the Turkish military were by no means idle; and the operations naturally assumed a degree of savage barbarity, rendered tenfold greater by despair, on the one side, and unquenchable hatred, on the other. To be taken prisoner by the Turks was far worse than to meet with instant death; for capture prolonged, but for a short while, an existence which was made to undergo indignities that may be guessed at, but cannot, in decency, be named. The sacred war, or, in other words, the war of assassination, was proclaimed aloud; and woe unto the Christian who was found alone. Nor was the hostility of man against man more unceasingly prosecuted, than was the valour shown by the infidels on the day of battle. At Sedian they rushed on the divisions opposed to them with a rage like that of madness: their cimeters even cut through musket-barrels. When the horses shrank from the bayonet, they turned their heads, backed them, and tried to open the ranks by their kicks. They threw their fire-arms, even, at the French, when they could no longer reach them in any other manner; and they who were dismounted crept along the ground, and cut at their antagonists' legs. For a while, the French were in consternation: Desaix, who commanded them, scarcely knew whether to advance or retreat; the interest of the majority demanded either one or the other; the interest of the wounded accorded with neither. How cruel a position for one whose heart was human! Desaix stood for a moment in dreadful hesitation. At last the word was given; the line moved forward, and all who were disabled were abandoned to the daggers of the foe. A degree of zeal was generally excited against the French, greater than had been manifested or felt at any time since the Crusades. Volunteers came over to Murad, who wore the green turban, the mark of the descent which they claimed from the prophet. Their arms were, three javelins, a pike, a dagger, a brace of pistols, and a carbine. M. Denon tells us, that he saw one of them strike at two of the French, and wound them both, while they were holding him nailed against a wall with their bayonets. These volunteers had got possession of a flotilla, which was bringing

stores up the Nile. They put to death all the French on board, erected a battery with the guns which they had taken, and thus commanded the navigation of the river. With the ammunition obtained, they resisted a formidable attack made on their mud fortress: at last the village in which it stood was set on fire, and, though it was separated from the houses, the walls became heated like an oven, and the besieged suffered the most intolerable pains of heat and thirst: one of their magazines blew up, and the flames then extended in every direction. They were without water; but they were seen extinguishing the fire with their feet and hands, and even rolling upon it, in hopes of smothering it with their bodies. "Black and naked," says Denon, "we perceived them running through the flames, and resembling so many devils in hell." During the tremendous scene, there were intervals of tranquillity, and then a solitary voice was heard; it was that of their sheik, who was wholly employed in prayer, and in exhorting them to fight for their faith; and these Mahomedans, amid their torments, answered him with hymns and shouts, and then rushed out against their enemy: about thirty cut their way through. During the night, the French kept up two blazing fires against the walls, as a safer expedient than storming them; and in the morning they entered, and put to the sword those who, notwithstanding they were half roasted, still offered resistance. The success cost General Belliard, who commanded a great many men, near a seventh of his whole number; and it reduced the French to their last box of cartridges. Had the circumstance been known, the division of the Gallic army would never more have beheld the country of their birth.'

Vattel, a good authority in laws of war as well as the law of nations, is very decisive on the point of treating prisoners, and would have justified the course attributed to Napoleon, had he pursued it. The third proposition, that 'history, both ancient and modern, presents many parallel cases to the execution, if such really happened, of the Turks at Jaffa,' is the easiest task Mr. Mounteney has had, for history is full of instances of the sort, from the massacre of 3000 Athenians by order of Lysander, four centuries before Christ, down to the execution of 600 Frenchmen, in 1808, by the Empecinado, in Spain. These details of human suffering form an interesting portion of Mr. Mounteney's volume; and his concluding chapter, in which he sums up the case, is well written. A more clear vindication of Bonaparte from the charges against him, we think, is not to be expected, than that of Mr. Mounteney; and never has the character of that great man been so correctly portrayed. We never despaired of posterity doing him justice, but there were so many persons jealous of his talents and ashamed by his triumphs, that we were aware there were many obstacles to the clearing the memory of Napoleon from calumny.

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*Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Corsica and Sardinia, during the Summer and Autumn of the Year 1821. Compiled from Minutes made during the Voyage by the Passengers, and Extracts from the Journal of His Lordship's Yacht, the *Mazeppa*, kept by Capt. Benson, R. N. Commander.* 12mo. pp. 79. London, 1824.

We have rarely met with any thing that has afforded us so much amusement as the publication of this little work, not only on account of its own interest, but for the hubbub it has occasioned. Some grave critics pretend to state that it is a hoax; if so, it is a much more harmless and less expensive hoax than that of Mr. Medwin, since it costs but half a crown, and Mr. M.'s work costs a guinea and a half. So important, however, was the Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage considered, that the Knight of Westminster, John Cain Hobhouse, Esq. actually wrote a pamphlet to contradict some of the statements it contained, but withdrew it when printed: whether from a want of confidence in his own statement or not we do not know; though, as Mr. H. is a bold man with his pen and his tongue, we might have some doubts on this point. Now we, who never profess to be wiser than our neighbours, do not pretend to decide on the accuracy of this voyage, but we have no hesitation in saying, that for its size it is more interesting than any work which has appeared on the subject of Byron since his death. The author, whoever he may be, has unfortunately made Shelley repent in a storm at sea; this of course is a sin not easily forgiven by those who are anxious to convince the world that he lived and died an infidel. They do not, however, contend that he braved a storm with his faith, or no-faith, unshaken, but that he was not put to such a test. Well, so much the better for him, we say; and leaving Mr. Hobhouse and the author of the Narrative to decide on its authenticity, we proceed to what we consider a very striking chapter, an account of a storm, which Lord Byron's yacht is said to have encountered:—

"Sea sickness now laid all our ladies and gentlemen "on their beam-ends." Count P—, Mr. Denzell, and the amiable orphan, St. F—, were also overcome, and the whole were bed-ridden. The sun set angrily, and the wind, veering more to the westward, brought us upon a lee-shore, to our utter dismay. The elegant Falconer says, in his unrivalled poem—

"Ah! were it mine with tuneful Maro's art,
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Then too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
How might I with unequal'd strains deplore
Tu'impervious horrors of a leeward shore."

These horrors we were doomed to experience; we reduced our sails to a few yards of canvass, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder overhead, as if ready to dis-part the vessel, and bury us in the waves, which rolled over the vessel with irresistible force. His lordship, with

Captain F—n, Doctor Peto, and Percy S—, kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the rest of our company; a tremendous sea carried away the boat which was hoisted up at the stern, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. For our own safety all hands, after being revived with a dram, began to throw overboard the guns, Lord Byron himself assisting in this painful duty; the long boat was then released from her lashings, and, as we wished, the waves soon swept her from the deck; our two cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses; the others were in the hold, and to that they owed their preservation. The two large anchors were cut from the bows, and the vessel, thus eased of a heavy top-load, danced more lightly over the tremendous billows, and inspired us with fresh hopes. The crew were all ordered to the after part of the deck, and again refreshed with liquor. A light was seen, apparently in the clouds, which shone from some mountaineer's cottage; it gleamed with a sickly hue through the storm, and the sailors, with true Italian superstition, pronounced it "St. Peter's watch-light" to show us to the grave; indeed, we were all inclined to think it foreboded no good, as the captain (Benson) informed us that there was no light-house on that part of the coast, and we must be very near the land to see a light so plainly; we soon saw the high mountains, and would have been

"Happy to bribe with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore."

The captain, who had been anxiously looking out, acquainted us, so as not to be heard by the crew, that he saw breakers nearly a-head, and had no hopes of being able to weather them. Captain F—n coincided in this opinion, to which his lordship said, "Well, we are all born to die—I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear." Doctor Peto counted his rosary, and kissed his crucifix with fervent devotion, on his knees.

Percy S— who heretofore made no secret of his infidelity, and whose spirits we thought no danger could ever appal, appeared to have lost all energy, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names which he never before pronounced but in ridicule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that Being whose existence he affected to disbelieve. Thus

"Conscience does make cowards of us all"

The horrors surrounding us were too appalling for human nature to contemplate without shuddering, for—

"In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, with our latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
E'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shuddered to behold."

The breakers were now visible to all the crew, to whom his lordship gave his advice to lash themselves to the yards, which they

did. Captain F—n and Captain Benson took the helm; his lordship descended to the cabin, where all were too much afraid to be sensible of their danger, nor could they be roused by any exertion of his; he came up with a scent-box in his hand, which he placed by his side, and sat down; he had not sat long when he asked, "Is there any chance?" to which he was answered, "None whatever." Then, said he, rising, "it is every man's duty to endeavour to preserve the life God has given him; so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed, can be of little use in these billows—but as children, when tired with crying, sink placidly to repose—we, when exhausted with struggling, shall die the easier; and with God's blessing, we shall soon be at rest."

His lordship then threw off every thing but his trousers, and, binding his silk neck-cloth round his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waiting, in tranquil resignation, his fate. Percy S— lay at his feet in a state of insensibility. His lordship looked down upon him and ejaculated "Poor fellow." Doctor Peto had covered his head with his cloak, and was stretched at full length, groaning in bitter anguish.

Captain F—n was removing some dollars, from his coat into the pocket of his small clothes, which his lordship observing, smiled, and said, "F—n, do you mean that as ballast to sink you sooner, or as a bribe to Neptune to give you a good birth in his watery palace?" The sun was now nearly an hour high, but all was like the twilight of the grave. The sea was long and heavy, and, as it broke upon the rocks, the crash struck the ear, as though a forest of lofty oaks were falling by a whirlwind. The countenance of his lordship never changed whilst the person who writes this had power to view it, but—

"The heart that bleeds with sorrow all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan"
The breakers now were not a quarter of a mile distant on the lee-bow when Captain Benson remarked to his lordship, "our only chance is to put away a point before the wind, or we are sure to go broadside into the surf and perish at once." "As you like," said his lordship, raising his head and looking upon the danger; he then resumed his former position.

A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the doctor, who instantly sank to rise no more.

His lordship exclaimed, "Good God," and at the moment the vessel rose upon a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning, as if she was going to bury herself in the remorseless deep. By this rapid movement she was precipitated forward beyond the reach of the breakers, that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence, as if incensed at the loss of their destined prey. "We are safe," exclaimed Captains F—n and Benson: "jump men from the yards, and make sail;" this they did with tumultuous joy,

which his lordship checked, and told them, "Whilst you are working, silently thank God for your miraculous preservation." He then went below, and bringing up a bottle bade every one drink, himself pledging them. Percy S—— was removed in a state of stupor to his bed : his lordship comforted those below with assurances of safety, and the vessel was laid to under "snug canvass," in the mouth of the Gulf of Saint Fiorenzo, with every part of which the captain was well acquainted. The sea upon which the vessel rose was the means of her preservation ; probably there was not, if the sea had been calm, a depth of two feet water on the rocks over which she passed, at a moment when every hope but that of immortality was gone.

The vessel now rode smoothly, and the hour of eight being arrived, all the party were enabled to sit up and take coffee. The doctor was missed, and his loss occasioned sincere regret ; not that he had left a memory behind him either to be beloved or lamented :

"He was a selfish, cold, and unfriendly Venetian, and his only recommendation to his lordship was the reputation of his skill, which was much overrated."

Percy S—— had recovered from his fits of fear, and came from his cabin like a spectre from the tomb. His lordship repeated, as he shook him by the hand,—

"Cowards die many times before their death, The valiant ne'er taste of death but once."

"Ah!" exclaimed the reclaimed infidel, "I have tasted so much of the bitterness of death, that I shall in future entertain doubts of my own creed." A glass of rum and water, warm, raised his drooping spirits, and in twenty-four hours he was the same free-thinking thankless dog as ever ; thus verifying the old distich—

"The devil was sick—the devil a monk would be—

The devil got well—the devil a monk was he."

"As there was a thick fog in the air, Mr. Benson resolved to lay to until it cleared away, and we all began to prepare for a good dinner ; our cabin guests during the storm had each of them a fine echo in the stomach, and we who had been rocked upon deck had acquired an appetite for any thing but a gale of wind."

The Museum : a Poem. By JOHN BULL.
8vo. pp. 75. London, 1824.

THE author of this poem wrote it while suffering for the loss of a father and an intimate friend, and hence it bears too strong a tinge of gloom and melancholy. It is founded on the treasures of the British Museum, which, the author observes, contains subjects sufficiently interesting and important to form the foundation of a great poem. The first two cantos are here given, and they display considerable power of versification, as will be seen by the following stanzas near the commencement of the poem :—

"Are there no heav'nly visitants, that leave
The gates of their celestial realms, what time

Pale Venus sits upon the throne of eve,
To listen to the plaintive vesper's chime ?
Are there no spirits from some far-off clime,
Up in the fair spheres of eternal day,
Loving to linger o'er these wrecks sublime,
Of Genius, parted from the earth away,
And minds, that sever'd are, from homes of
crumbling clay ?

Are there no secret silent visits paid,
At midnight, and by moonlight, to this spot,
By souls of ancient men, whose bones were
laid,
Long ages since, within their tombs to rot ?
Their memories, likewise, many an age forgot !

The people in the nether world that dwell,
Though once the denizens of this, do not
Their pondering ghosts o'erstep death's narrow spell,

And meet within this place, of former times to tell ?

Some might look in their emptied urns, design'd,
The ashes of their clay-built home to hold,
Which thousand years ago they left behind,
To enter upon myst'ries still untold—
Death and the grave alone can them unfold.
Some to dark Egypt's treasures might repair,
And see the coffins of gigantic mould,
Which it was meant their kings, when dead,
should share,

Though centuries have elaps'd since they were slumb'ring there !

O could we meet the spirits of the past !
If ever in this temple they are seen ;
What floods of knowledge might their legends cast
Over these shades of glory which hath been !
How might we, from their tales of sorrow, glean
Hints of lost truths which learning seeks in vain !
Discover what those mystic writings mean,
Engraven deeply in the granite's grain,
Yet, wrapp'd in grave-like gloom, secure from light remain !

Perchance, if we could join such ghostly throng,
Their thrilling whispers might in part make known
To whom the embalmed effigies belong,
O'er which the pall of silence hath been thrown,
Whilst years and ages o'er the world have flown,
And look'd on empires into deserts made,
And deserts into mighty empires grown,
All since those bodies were in shrouds array'd,
Still standing on the earth, though dead, yet undecay'd !

There is much spirit, dignity, and just reflection in the following allusion to Egypt :—

"Upon Grand Cairo's rock a castle stands,
Wherein is Joseph's well ! Oh, tearful thought,
If such it be : for where are those whose hands
The work thereof so marvellously wrought ?
And where is now that glory gone, which brought
Surrounding nations to their land for bread,
When their young Hebrew ruler was besought
By starving realms, from Egypt's storehouse fed,
To take their sons for slaves, who else must join the dead !

Fall'n art thou, Egypt ! Nations proud and strong

Have sprang up on the earth, and been renowned
For works that live in many a minstrel's song,
Since thou wast monarch of all nations crown'd !

And these are lost in darkness most profound,
Whilst Egypt lives—or rather lies alone,
Like a fall'n giant, grov'ling on the ground,
Beneath the Moslem tyrant's trembling throne,
Sapp'd by its subjects' blood, and weak from violence grown !

Nile was not young three thousand years ago,

When, in a rushy ark, a new-born child Slept by his side, unconscious of the woe Felt by its race, to slavery exil'd—
When to this stream, where grew the weed grass wild,
Pharaoh's dark daughter with her damsels came,
And saw the waken'd babe, which on her smil'd,
As if the royal virgin's love to claim—

That first bright step which led to Israel's peerless fame !

These specimens we think calculated to show that there is a great deal of mind as well as good poetry in the Museum.

The Wanderings of Childe Harolde. A Romance of Real Life. Interspersed with Memoirs of the English Wife, the Foreign Mistress, and various other celebrated Characters. By John Harman Bedford, Lieut. R. N. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1824.

AMONG the papers of the unfortunate Chatterton, was found a sort of debtor and creditor account with a lord mayor, whose death prevented the insertion of an essay he had written for the North Briton; it stood thus :

'Lost, by his death, in this essay .. £1 11 6	
Gained in elegies .. £2 2 0	{ 5 5 0
— in essays ... 3 3 0	£3 13 6

Am glad he is dead. £3 13 6

We do not pretend to tell how the balance may stand with those persons who are writing on the subject of Lord Byron, nor in what proportion they are 'glad he is dead,' but they are certainly very active in turning him to account. Mr. Medwin, in his account, will have to set off against his profits, the loss of the Hollands and macaroni, he drank nightly with his lordship. As to Mr. Dallas, his balance would certainly have been on the other side, had he lived to adjust it : he, however, or his heirs, will have had the advantage of profiting by Byron, living and dead. As to Lieutenant Bedford, whom we suspect of having written another work on the subject of Byron, he, no doubt, calculates on getting no inconsiderable share of prize money, by his 'Wanderings of Childe Harolde.' No person will mistake that Lord Byron is the hero of the tale, whose wanderings form the fictitious narrative, with some touches of reality of the travels of his lordship. This is not the first time Lord Byron has been the hero of

a novel, in which to truth, than in lordship is, of course. In Mr. Bedford Millbank, whose name of Wellbore Cockayne ; and nothing in a room giving an idea of naval affairs. Some interesting. We for the conclusion character of the Thus ended loves of Childe of the cup of often from the and joy. He lived upon the world and set no bound of enjoyment. Between rational was the author by aiming to p enjoy the certain fancy was always and kicking the a better opinion male creation than a worse opinion served. All hues of virtue—gloom of vice. happy in himself happiness to aish, and his br sensibility, and was an honest virtue—and truly knowing himself more of the he the period he "better spared in peace—and the lines of a and lamented him. "Oh, may Ascend to And Heaven's As sweeps the Bentivoglio, a Charles Macdon, 1824. It is not a large number of people ratio to the drama. The first tragedy is thought a mere effort of the fore people very in the lottery, get the best man of talent poetic powers gedy is what if we may j which, however sages.

a novel, in which there was less approach to truth, than in the volume before us. His lordship is, of course, not the only character in Mr. Bedford's novel; for we have Miss Millbank, whom he married, under the name of Wellbank; Lord Cochrane, as Lord Cockayne; and then, as anachronism is nothing in a romance, we have Lord Nelson giving an entertainment to Harolde, on board his flag ship, which enables Mr. Bedford to bring in a little of his knowledge of naval affairs. The work, though displaying some incongruities, is by no means uninteresting. We have, however, only room for the concluding extract, in which the character of the hero is summed up:—

"Thus ended the wanderings and the loves of Childe Harolde. He drank deep of the cup of misery—he quaffed long and often from the mantling bowl of pleasure and joy. He luxuriated in love—he looked upon the world as made for man to enjoy, and set no bounds to his desires in pursuit of enjoyment. He did not distinguish between rational and licentious delights. He was the author of all his own misfortunes; by aiming to possess too much he failed to enjoy the *certain little* in his power. His fancy was always raising edifices with *hope*, and kicking them down in *despair*. He had a better opinion of the frail part in the female creation than reason justified—he had a worse opinion of mankind than they deserved. All his vices were tinged with the hues of *virtue*—all his *virtues* sullied by the gloom of vice. He was not formed to be happy in himself, or communicate lasting happiness to another; his heart was feverish, and his brain giddy; he had too much sensibility, and too little discretion. He was an *honest man*, with very little *moral virtue*—and truly a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so. His errors were more of the head than the heart; and at the period he died, the world could have 'better spared a better man.' He sleeps in peace—and we end his Wanderings, in the lines of a bard who loved him living, and lamented him dead:—

"Oh, may the prayer for Misery's child
Ascend to Him whose power can save,
And Heaven's dread sentence pass as mild
As sweeps the night-wind o'er thy grave!"

Bentivoglio, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Charles Masterton. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1824.

It is not a little remarkable, that the number of published plays is in inverse ratio to the prosperity of the regular drama. The fact is, that to write a good tragedy is thought to be the highest literary effort of the human mind, and therefore people venture just like speculators in the lottery, who agree that they may get the best prize. Mr. Masterton is a man of talent, and possesses respectable poetic powers; but to write a good tragedy is what he ought not to aspire to, if we may judge by his Bentivoglio, which, however, contains some good passages.

The Universal Review; or Chronicle of the Literature of all Nations, No. V.

WHATEVER other merit belongs to the editors of the Universal Review, they must be allowed that of industry, for in the number before us, upwards of fifty English and foreign works are noticed, many of the latter class, little, if at all, known in this country; and we would advise the editors to attend particularly to this department of their work, as the most valuable. The first article, on Byron, is cruelly abusive, for, notwithstanding all that has been written, we suspect, Byron's real character is not yet accurately portrayed—at all events, we would not take it from the Universal Review, however much we may be pleased with the work in other respects.

James Forbes: a Tale founded on Facts. 8vo. pp. 275. London, 1824.

JAMES Forbes is a moral tale, founded as we are assured on facts, nor have we any reason to doubt it; the story is interesting; and its object, that of inculcating the principles of religion, cannot be praised too highly.

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer; with two Discourses on interesting and important Subjects. By the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 203. London, 1824.

SOME twenty years ago, we heard a series of sermons on the various parts of the Lord's Prayer, and, although we ever thought that divine composition not needing of explanation, yet, we confess, we were pleased with the way in which the preacher handled the subject. Dr. Booker feels, as every Christian minister must do, the beauty of the Lord's Prayer; and he clearly proves that Christ intended it both as a pattern and as a form; 'as a pattern to be imitated at one time in the spirit of it, and at another as a form, by using the same words,' which our Saviour did when requested that he would teach how to pray, as in his sermon on the mount.

The Theory of Composition; with Examples in Latin Prose and Verse, freely translated into English. For the Assistance of Youth. By Robert Burnside, A.M. 12mo. pp. 227. London, 1824.

MR. BURNSIDE very clearly explains the theory of composition, and illustrates his rules by themes in Latin, with English translations; these are not selected from the best standard works in the former language, but are written with a direct view to exemplify the subject, which they do admirably; and we have no hesitation in recommending the work to the rising generation, and to unfledged authors of all ages,—we might, perhaps, add, to fledged ones also.

ORIGINAL.

THE RAGE FOR ALBUMS.

WE remember being told by a friend, that, when he was travelling on the Continent, some thirty years ago, every person he met with desired him to write a line or two in his or her album; and the more languages he could so use for their amusement, the more they were pleased. From what we understood of the books so designated, they made an appearance like a collection of proverbs from many hands and many nations, and might be mistaken for a compendium of human wisdom, at the first glance, although a second proved them to be little more than the effusion of congregated folly. By slow degrees the fashion made its way to this country, and, when arrived, propagated in a sterile manner; for it was by no means accordant with the cold manners of an Englishman, to be so in love with every stranger he came near, as to desire a memorial of him, or to conclude that every man he met had the power of writing that which he should desire to read. It was probably in consequence of this very coldness that albums, where they did thrive, became really valuable plants, bearing flowers worthy of preservation, and breathing perfume for after ages to inhale.

Whether it arises from the actual superiority of a few albums of merit, handed about to the dear 'five hundred friends' of some woman of fashion, or from the adoption of the name by a quarterly publication, followed by some others, we know not; but it is certain that of late albums are much increased amongst us,—that the present race are very splendid in their exterior, and in many instances add, to the dignities of gilt Russia, the mysterious and diplomatic honours of a gold-locked clasp. They are prepared with leaves of drawing, as well as writing-paper; and, happily for the race of poets, that of painters are pressed into the service; and every beau and belle, so smitten with the belles-lettres as to affect a passion for the arts, or a spice of blue-stockingism, produces an album, to be filled with some choice *morceau* from the pen or the pencil of a professor in either art. As all the world reads, and a great part of it writes, now-a-days, at a first view, this kind of literary whim appears rather praiseworthy than reprehensible; and, as affording a repository for stray thoughts and pretty ideas, it must be allowed that the misses

of our acquaintance have as great a right to increase their stock of mental as corporeal property. It may be as necessary, for the ensuing season (for aught we know), as satin slips and pink ribbons, or high collars and close corsets, for their attendants; but, since these are articles which must be bought and paid for, or not possessed, we humbly submit, to this class of album-dealers, the utter impropriety of attempting to fill their albums, alias their power of being fashionable, on other terms.

That some mode of retribution, on the one hand, or forbearance on the other, should be adopted, is evident; for this mode of encroachment on the time and talents of authors and artists is now getting to such a pitch, that the acquaintance of an acquaintance with either is quite sufficient to ask him 'just to write a few lines for my album,' or 'to draw a landscape with figures for my daughter;' and the latter request includes the economical idea of getting the dear girl a drawing-lesson into the bargain,—'she has so much taste.' Without supposing that this meanness is common, yet we would remind such persons as think of nothing in the business beyond their own gratification, that every man who lives by his profession must consider his thoughts, as well as his time, to be money, and that he has a right to use the answer of Shylock to them:—

'You take my life
When you do take the means by which I live,'—
and that, if the person in question, with proverbial inattention to prudence, accede to the request, and thereby render himself liable to the tenfold repetition of it, they are only guilty of the greater cruelty and selfishness, in obtaining that which, in point of fact, he cannot spare, and ought not to give. We can hear young ladies exclaim, 'O! but Mr. —— does these things so quick; I know he finished the drawing at two sittings.' 'True; but how many years did he take to acquire his facility?' Her pretty sister apologizes for a similar error by the assurance, that she 'only asked Mr. —— for a few lines, and if he gave her three pages, she could not help it.' No! she is not aware that when a vein is opened, it will bleed more freely than the occasion called for; but she might know that a fine effusion from a fine pen ought not to be shut up in the keeping of an individual: it ought to swell the fame and mend the fortune of him whose well-cultivated talent produced it.

As a medium of concentrating various specimens of talent, an assortment

of the gems of genius, whereby they may descend to posterity in all the splendour of their original freshness, an album must be considered as a most interesting work; and it is because we sincerely wish for the success of a few, that we would interdict the production of many. Every man of genius ought to possess one, to give and receive the contributions of contemporary genius; in bequeathing which to posterity, he would send down the stream of time a rich banquet to every intellectual inquirer after this distinguished period.

We can scarcely conceive a more exciting and spirit-stirring scene, than may be exhibited at a future auction-room, two or three centuries hence, by the appearance of one of these albums, carefully kept, and for sixty preceding years concealed in the library of some wealthy bibliopolist. 'Gentlemen!' may the Christie of that day exclaim, 'consider the inestimable value of the jewel now displayed to your admiring eyes! The autographs alone are invaluable, as giving the "form and proform" of hands which have ministered to our improvement and delight, in works which laid the foundation of that school we now enjoy; but how far beyond all calculation does the work rise, when we consider it as embodying the very soul and spirit of those high intellects which, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, illuminated the world with that wide-spread out-pouring of poetic talent, which, in despite of the changes in our language, manners, and circumstances, still renders this galaxy of old writers dear to our hearts, and treasured by our memories. In this little volume, gentlemen, are amatory verses by Moore, said to be charmingly mischievous in his own day, and are certainly curious in ours; an elegy by Southey, a voluminous writer in his day, I believe; some lines by Crabbe, with whom we are all acquainted; and others by the polished Campbell: aye, gentlemen! they are few, I confess, yet here they are, written by him who wrote Gertrude of Wyoming. I find also a stanza by Coleridge, a man of whom we have many scattered records, tending to prove him a great poet, though a scanty writer. Ah! here is a "Meditation" by Montgomery, the author of that immortal poem on slavery, you all have seen; and there is an effusion of old Neele's, that is exquisite,—it is on love; it seems he was young once! Then, gentlemen, here are sweet scraps from no less than four ladies, the rival goddesses of their day, all fairly written, with their

respective signatures of M. R. Mitford, A. Hemans, S. E. Landor, and B. C. Wilson, annexed. Here, too, is a sweet portrait of the daughter of the great Byron, by the pencil of Holmes; an inimitably ludicrous sketch by Richter; scene of sentiment by Stothard; topographical views by Nasmyth, Hofland, and Linton; and a view of our old Custom House, by Prout. Where will you, gentlemen, find a parallel to this singular and curious book? By what stroke of magic can you conjure from the dead such a circle as this little book offers to you, in a form at once ancient, yet companionable; gay as youthful fancy, yet silent as the tomb.'

Conceiving thus of the value of a good album, it will be evident to our readers that we do not seek to restrain the use, but the abuse, of an agreeable and intelligent source of amusement. In fact, we desire to confine the possession of albums to persons of talent, who can pay in kind for what they* receive; this is the only way by which they can be prevented from degenerating into a mere boarding-school frivolity, which, by teasing the busy, and intruding on the talented, will, in a short time, render them resolute in refusing all aid to album composition.

B.

MR. FARADAY'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Your columns being devoted to literature and science, you may, perhaps, find a place for the following remarks on Mr. Faraday's lectures on chemistry at the Royal Institution; he commenced his demonstrations, on the analysis of the metals, and the synthesis of their various compounds with other bodies and each other, on Tuesday last, having taken up the subject of the course where Mr. Brande had quitted it; the learned professor having gone over, in the previous part of the course, the more recondite and elementary parts of the subject.

We may say that we have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Faraday, but we confess that we were under some anxiety for his success in his new undertaking; whether it be from the natural solicitude all feel for the welfare of modest merit or not, yet these were our feelings. We had the agreeable plea-

* One of the best we have seen belongs to a young lady in the country, but she comes within our description, for we have seen verses of her's (in print, too) which show considerable talent.

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The Literar-
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sure, however, of finding our fears to have been unnecessary, and of forming an opinion, perhaps hastily, that Mr. Faraday will, in a short time, be as clear and elegant in his demonstrations, as he has already been successful in his chemical investigations and discoveries.

His exordium was neat, short, just, and pithy, not omitting that praise, perhaps mixed with gratitude in his case, to Professor Brande, which he so much deserves.

Our eulogy, however, of Mr. Faraday, must not be unqualified: although exact, he is too rapid; if we may use the expression, he is too much master of his subject, and therefore imagines the tyro to be able to perceive what the proficient only, from so rapid a delivery, can fully understand. A man who gallops through a country may see all he passes, but he only that walks can give an accurate description of them. Besides, Mr. Faraday crowds too many objects at once before his audience, which certainly takes away from the precision of his demonstrations.

To give an instance: the formation of the chloride of potassium was demonstrated to be formed in four different ways;—by the union of chlorine and potassium, by chlorine and potassa, by muriatic acid and potassium, and by the same acid and potassa; and also of the formation of a chlorate of potassa, where chlorine and potassa are used in the proportions of eight to five. All these difficult and recondite subjects, with the necessary observations thereon, were brought under view, and dismissed, with a rapidity too great to be useful to the tyro, in the space only of a few minutes.

We have one more observation to make, and we shall have done: it appeared to us, but our ears may have misled us, that, in one or two instances, in pronouncing the word 'iodine,' Mr. Faraday aspirated the letter i, and in the word 'hydrogen,' he did not aspirate the h; this, however, was not invariably the case: but to offend the ear in these things ought not to pass unnoticed.

NAUTICUS.

London, December 9, 1824.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

FROM THE PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

DEAR SIR,—The success that has attended our work has encouraged and enabled me to cast a new and beautiful type, with which I intend to commence *The Literary Chronicle* for the Year 1825;—it is a bourgeois fount, cast

expressly for the purpose, at the celebrated foundry of Messrs. Caslon and Livermore; and I shall feel obliged if you will announce it to our readers,—the earlier the better*. I could wish, also, that you would contradict the often-repeated calumny, that our plan is copied from that of another, by which a slur is attempted to be thrown upon our fair reputation. I attach very little merit to the original projector, and would rather give praise than censure to a honourable rival,—for without rivalry private motives would outstrip public good: but the fact is, that it was I who first introduced a weekly periodical of this description, which was stopped by the Stamp Office, in 1813, because it combined political paragraphs with reviews, original essays, and matters of the like description. The Stamp Office being too powerful an antagonist for my purse at that time, I avoided a law-suit, and gave up my publication,—upon which others started with all the best points of my projection, avoiding, however, political subjects; and now one claims the merit of being the first to give the public a weekly review. The title of my work was the *Weekly Magazine*, and its first and second numbers were published for me by Mr. Clement, 192, Strand, on May the 1st and 8th, 1813. Yours, &c.

G. DAVIDSON.

Original Poetry.

THE HUNGRY POACHER.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

YE magistrates, and men of might,
Because I kill'd a hare at night,
Do persecute and fret me;
And though I solemnly declare,
'Twas want that made me kill the hare,
Yet you have all beset me.

To prison I am doom'd to go,
There mix with infamy and woe,
My morals to improve;
When tried, no doubt, I shall be sent
To other lands, my griefs to vent,
And leave the home I love.

Acting in justice's bright name,
These, oh! protectors of the game,
Are sour *transporting* tricks;—
Rather than have with such to do,
I'll cross the water—freely too—
Though 'twere the river Styx!

J. M. L.

* We certainly cannot well refuse this request, but insert the letter as it came to hand. With regard to imitations, we shall next week show that the *plan and title* of our vain-glorious contemporary's journal was taken from Sir Richard Phillips, who published a prospectus of it in the *Monthly Magazine*, and applied to us to contribute to its pages when it should be commenced.—ED.

Fine Arts.

SCULPTURE.

PROFESSOR EBERHARDT, of Munich, who resides at present at the royal villa of Berg, has been for some time past occupied there on a monumental bas-relief, representing the Princess Charlotte on her death-bed, while her mother is seen bending over her in the utmost affliction. It is not easy to conceive a more noble and dignified figure than the latter, nor a more affecting expression of maternal sorrow than that which the artist has given to her countenance; but it is in the figure of the young princess herself, that he is most transcendantly happy: every feature announces to the spectator the rapture with which the spirit has departed to meet its Maker; yet, in order to attain that pathos which the scene required, the sculptor has indicated the grief which the royal maiden has felt at parting from her beloved parent. Two angels support the drapery of the bed, and appear to watch over the corpse of innocence. This truly-affecting composition cannot fail to add to the celebrity of the artist.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new tragedy, called *Ravenna, or Italian Love*, was performed on Friday, December 3, taken from the German of Schiller we understand, and arranged for the British stage by two gentlemen, named Clarke and Bowes.

Cesario (Mr. Young), the minister of the Duke of Milan, is in love with Gianna (Miss F. H. Kelly), which draws upon him the anger of his father,—an anger aided, in its effects, by Bartuccio (Cooper), who is the young beauty's rejected suitor; and between these a plan is laid, whereby the happiness of the young couple is effectually sacrificed. It is rendered necessary to the ambition of the father to break off the match, because he has promised that his son shall marry the mistress of the duke, the Princess Camilla.

To effect this purpose, the father of Gianna (Bartley) is thrown into prison; and, in order to save his life, Bartuccio induces her to address a letter to a fopling of the court, Count Gaudentia (Yates), addressing him as her lover, referring to the mask she has lately worn of affection to another, and promising

to meet him at the accustomed place. This letter, as an instrument to awaken the jealousy of the lover, is rendered more effective by an oath, which she is compelled to take, that she will not reveal the transaction. In consequence of finding this letter, which is owned by Gaudentia, whose weakness and vanity render him the ready tool of the marquess, Cesario falls into that state of jealous madness so often ascribed to Italian love; and, after satisfying himself that the letter had been written by Giana, he pours poison into a glass of water, which he induces her to partake with him. When informed that she is poisoned, deeming her oath absolved, she relates the fraud she had been compelled to practise, and dies. At this moment, Battuccia arrives with a message from the duke, and is attacked by the enraged Cesario, and slain; he then drinks the remainder of the poison, and expires, just after the arrival of his father to inform him that the Princess Camilla had retired from court, and taken the veil, whereby his engagement with the duke was absolved.

The two first acts of this tragedy we considered very excellent, and watched its development with great interest; but the improbability that any person in Giana's situation should write such a letter, staggered us; when, however, that event took place, we expected that Cesario would have instantly flown to the princess, for whom his pity had been previously excited; and cannot help thinking such an effect not an unnatural one in the turbulence of his bitter disappointment and excited rage. As it was, the general effect of the *denouement*, although mournful, was tame, and fell below the promise of the opening scenes.

The interview between the Princess Camilla and the high-minded Cesario was the best in the tragedy, and did great credit to Mr. Young, who is always admirable, and to Miss Lacy, who may be said to be always improving. Mr. Cooper made as much of his part as it admitted. Mr. Bartley was an excellent father; and Mrs. Davenport (his servant) was inimitable. The dresses and scenery were splendid; but we did not think Miss F. H. Kelly appeared to advantage: her voice is very sweet and pathetic, and her part certainly did not call for much beyond those qualities which display the milder elements and the deep tenderness of the daughter; but yet we cannot help thinking there is a decided want of animation about her which it is painful to witness.

When the piece was given out for

repetition, there was some little dispute, but the ayes carried it.

We are partial ourselves to the 'gorgeous pomp of tragedy,' and have also a great taste for a beautiful heroine; and it is necessary, for our complete satisfaction, that we should see the last of the Kembles, who always presents a noble picture to the eye, and a sense of gratification in the performance of his part, that memory can dwell upon satisfactorily; we like to see Mr. Young and him together—when 'Greek meets Greek, then is the tug' of intellect. Our second requisition reminds us of our grudge to Mr. Hayne for robbing the stage of Miss Foote, who always looks and dresses her character well, and performs it with just conception, and frequently with fine action and exquisite pathos.

Literature and Science.

Influence of Copper on the Magnetic Needle.—A set of experiments have just been made, extremely interesting, on the influence which copper exercises on the movements of the magnetic needle.—Until now, natural philosophers have been led to believe that no other metal but iron had any influence on the movements of the compass; so that, in all instruments of this sort, the needle is surrounded by a ring of copper. However, the metal is very far from not acting on it; on the contrary, it exercises a motion so directed on it, that a needle which was surrounded by wood alone, performed 145 oscillations, in order to become in a fixed position, while it only took 50 to become so, in a ring made of copper. The first time in which that observation was made, it was thought not improbable, that the copper by which the needle was surrounded might contain a portion of iron, but, in analysing the metal, it was found exceedingly pure. The same experiments, repeated several times, have elicited, that the influence of copper, although always very decided, is, nevertheless, not always the same. Thus, of two copper rings, equally pure, one would diminish the oscillation to 30, while another would permit the needle to go as far as 60.—What is, at the same time, very improbable indeed, is, that the copper, which had a very great influence on the number of the oscillations, has none whatever on their elevation, and, in general, a ring of the metal appeared to produce on the needle merely the same effect as what would have resulted from its immersion in water. It is proposed to follow up these experiments, and particularly to examine the influence which other metals may have on the magnetic needle.

Geographical Query.—A correspondent having observed, in the papers, a paragraph, setting forth, that a recent traveller had positively stated, that he had eat strawberries and cream, with one leg in Europe and another in Asia!!! would be very glad

to be further informed, where this wonderful spot actually is; as he was not until now aware that the boundary between these two quarters of the world was of so small dimensions, as to be within the reach of the two legs at the same moment, of any human being—but, probably, the traveller in question may be the Colossus of Rhodes, or Jack with his seven-leagued boots. Our correspondent will, however, pause, before he ventures further in his conjectures, till he is more conversant on the subject, which he hopes now to be, through the medium of *The Literary Chronicle*.

Early in January will be published, Part I. of a new topographical work, entitled *Delineations of Gloucestershire*; being views of the principal seats of the nobility and gentry, and other objects of prominent interest in that county, with historical and descriptive notices. The drawings to be made, and the plates engraved, by Messrs. Storer.

In the press, *Tales of Fault and Feeling*, by the author of *Zeal and Experience*.

A meeting has been held at Paris, for the purpose of establishing a Mechanics' Institution.

The King of France, to encourage literature and music, as far as they are concerned in the composition of pieces for the French Opera House, has established annual prizes of 4,000 francs (167L.) for the best lyric production in three or in five acts, founded on a subject of national history, or of imagination; and 2,000 francs for the best production, in one act, of the comic or pastoral character. The merits of the several works presented for the prizes are to be determined upon by a jury, selected according to the regulations of a royal order.

The Biblical world is at present occupied in the investigation of a *Hebrew Roll* of great antiquity, found in a vessel captured by the Greeks, which roll has recently been brought to this country. The enormous sum of 1250L. is asked for the relic; half that amount is said to have been offered for it by an eminent Hebrew capitalist.

The Bunker Hill Monument, contemplated at Boston, will be one of the most noble and interesting edifices in this country, when completed in the manner proposed. It is to be a column of granite 250 feet in height, which is higher than the Monument of London, or any steeple in America; to be ascended by a circular stairway to the top, from which a most beautiful and extensive prospect will be presented to the spectator. The cost is estimated at 75,000 dollars, to raise which a subscription will be lodged in every town in the state. It is a part of the design of the patriotic founders to collect and preserve all printed manuscripts and personal histories of the early scenes of the revolutionary war, and the arms and implements which were used in those scenes.

—*New York Statesmen*.

Hydrography.—Among the more important works belonging to the sciences of geography and navigation, Commodore Krusenstiern's *Atlas of the South Sea*, will henceforth obtain a pre-eminent place. This

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publication, of which the first part has appeared, has occupied several years of assiduous labour. So far back as 1803, the period of his first voyage, the author felt the necessity that existed for charts more correct than those of Arrowsmith and Espinosa, and embracing all the modern discoveries, which were till now to be ascertained only by reference to a variety of very expensive publications. In consequence of this, he projected, and began to collect materials for the present undertaking, for which his own personal experience, his studies, and his connection with the most eminent hydrographers of Europe, so well fitted him. This first portion of the work contains a general chart of the Pacific (from 71° S. to 5° N. lat. and extending 180° long. from the westernmost point of New Holland to the meridian of Cape Horn), and nineteen specific charts, of the various groups of islands situated in the southern half of this ocean, viz. New Guinea, the Coral Sea, the Coast of New S. Wales, Van Diemen's Land, the Admiralty Islands, New Ireland, New Britain, the Archipelago of Santa Cruz, Luisade, the Marquesas, the Solomon Islands, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, New Zealand, the Friendly, the Society, the Fijee, the Navigators, and other small islands. There are, likewise, sixteen detached plans of particular bays, harbours, &c. all laid down with the utmost exactness. With respect to the execution of the plates themselves, the extreme clearness of the engraving and writing is highly creditable to the three artists employed upon them, M. Koschkin, engraver to the admiralty, M. Kalpekov, and Mr. Frolow.

A thick quarto volume of illustrative and explanatory memoirs accompanies the atlas; in addition to much nautical information, this contains a critical examination of the labours and merits of various writers on the science of hydrography; and an introductory memoir on the subject of the winds and currents of the South Sea forms a suitable preface to the work. The second volume, which is to appear in about two years from the date of the first, will be still more interesting, as it will contain the northern portion of the Pacific, which has been hitherto less known, but relative to which the various expeditions of the Russians in that district of the globe, have collected so much information. A French translation of the work has been prepared under the superintendence of the author himself.

Suggestions relative to Fire—Mr. F. W. Morris, a young medical student in Edinburgh, has suggested, that fire might be effectually and easily extinguished by blowing carbonic acid gas upon it, as water is spouted from pipes. The gas can be had in any quantity desired, from chalk and other substances; its power of extinguishing combustion is well known; and its superior density would make it displace the common air at the places where the fire existed.—Sir Humphry Davy has shown, that metallic wire gauze stops flame, by cooling it below the point

of ignition; firemen should, therefore, when they are going close to a flame to work for a short time, be provided with masks made of wiregauze, which, to a certain point, would so far cool and extinguish the flame as to keep them harmless. Perhaps, for a very hazardous exertion, firemen should even be wholly enclosed in fine wire cages. The same circumstance which prevents flame passing out, as exemplified in the safety-lamp, will prevent it passing in. The same principle suggests a means of circumscribing the action of fire. If we can surround a burning spot with a wall of wire gauze, we shall prevent it passing through the gauze. Each fire-office might be provided with some hundred square fathoms of this substance; and, if there be any truth in that principle which has created the safety-lamp for the miner, whenever a case occurred that the fire could be wholly surrounded with the gauze, or the gauze could be placed in one, two, or three sides of the flame, the flame would not extend beyond it. The firemen might thus securely approach it, and, having still all their present means, more speedily extinguish it.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Baron. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 3	36	40	35	29 57	Fair.
.... 4	35	39	42	.. 40	Cloudy.
.... 5	37	41	32	.. 73	Do.
.... 6	30	40	43	.. 65	Fair.
.... 7	38	42	37	.. 55	Do.
.... 8	38	45	42	.. 85	Cloudy.
.... 9	42	43	35	.. 70	Do.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Trades, &c. in the City of Mexico.—The shops in Mexico have no signs nor names in front, and nothing is exposed in the windows. Silversmiths' work is done in a tedious manner, and is clumsy and heavy. The tailors make a great profit, and clothes are three or four times dearer than in England. They sit on stools, and not with their feet under them. Milliners' shops are carried on by men. Twenty or thirty brawny fellows, of all colours may be seen in a shop, decorating dresses, sewing muslin gowns, making flowers, trimming caps, &c., while, perhaps, at the next door, a number of poor girls are on their knees, engaged in the laborious occupation of grinding chocolate by hand! Confectionary and sweetmeats are in great demand, and five hundred different kinds are made. The druggists and apothecaries ask exorbitant prices. Mr. Bullock paid a dollar per pound for an article, the produce of the country, which is sold for four pence in England. Hops sell for two and sixpence per ounce, and other drugs in pro-

portion. Barbers are numerous and important, and the price of shaving is ten times as much as in England. Cabinet-makers have but few tools, and their work is very inferior, and expensive. In turnery, the mechanic sits on the ground in working the lathe. Coachmakers excel all the other mechanical artists practised in Mexico. Mr. B. saw no coopers, but he observed men selling hog-skin barrels, blown up like bladders, which they carry suspended on each end of a pole, occupying as much space as a loaded cart. Bakers' shops are large, and they make excellent bread, but the workmen are absolutely slaves, being never permitted to leave the place in which they work. Soft cakes of Indian corn constitute the principal food of the poor. Shops for the sale of native and Spanish brandy, wines, &c. are too common, and present too great a temptation for the poor Indians to resist. The water-carriers of Mexico are a numerous body. They bring water from the aqueducts to private houses, in large jars, poised on their backs. At an early hour, they may be seen stretched on the bare ground, intoxicated with pulque; and, as they have no settled place of residence, they sleep at night under the first shelter that presents itself, like the Lazzaroni of Naples.

St. Thomas's Day.—At the village of Thornton, near Sherborne, a custom exists among the tenants of depositing 5s. in a hole, in a certain tomb-stone, in the church-yard, which prevents the lord of the manor from taking tythe of hay during the year. This must be invariably done on St. Thomas's Day, before 12 o'clock, or the privilege is void.

From so many of the late tenants of the Duke of Devonshire having bought their own houses, at the great Wetherby sale, a few weeks ago, a large proportion of the inhabitants of that town will in future be in the situation of the West Riding clothier and freeholder, who, in answer to a question from Sir John Ramsden, as to who was his landlord, replied quaintly—“Why, to tell the truth, Sir John, I sleep with landlady!”

The custom of taking fees for seeing the monuments in Westminster Abbey, is of very ancient date. Shirley alludes to it in his pleasant comedy, called *The Bird in a Cage*, when Bonamico, a mountebank, observes—

— “I talk as glib,
Methinks, as he that farms the monuments.”
—The Dean of Westminster in those days, however, was less exorbitant in his demands, for the price of admission was but one penny to see the whole.

Anecdote of Robespierre.—A celebrated gambling house was opened, during the revolution by the Marquess of Saint Amaranthe: this marquess, after having dissipated a revenue of 80,000 francs a-year, it is said, died a hackney-coachman. His widow, however, with her own fortune, continued to give fetes for drawing gamblers to her house. Robespierre having dined with her one day, and being a little

excited by wine, forgot his usual circumspection, and let escape some hints of his design of getting himself named dictator or king. The same night, a player, with whom he lived in great familiarity, recalled to his mind the words he had suffered to escape him. It was necessary to get rid of all dangerous witnesses, and the following day a decree of the Convention named Madame de St. Amaranthe, and her family, as accomplices in the conspiracy of the Baron du Batz, and three days after this decree, on the 29th Prairial, in the year 2, Madame St. Amaranthe, her son, a child between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and her son-in-law, were led to the scaffold.

Variety.—‘To pass over grief,’ says Fynes Morison, in his *Itinerary*, ‘the Italians sleep, the Germans drink, the English go to plays, the Spaniards lament, and the Irish howl.’

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE latter part of our impression, last week, was delayed two or three hours, in consequence of an accident in the printing department.

C. W. is informed, that our stamped papers are sent to the East Indies at an additional charge of one penny, but those to the *West Indies* are charged double the price of each No.

Works published since our last notice.—Scenes and Thoughts, 7s 6d. Voice from India, 7s. St. Bolda d of the Bass, 8vo. 12s. World in Miniature (Tibet), 6s. 6d. Bell on the Neck and Thigh Bones, 3s. Barclay's Engravings of the Skeleton, 4to. 15s. Monroe's Anatomy of the Human Body, 2 vols., 12. 18s. Bell's Nervous System, 15s. Campbell's Love-letters of Mary Queen of Scots, 15s. Kako-Daemon, 3s. 6d. Don Juan, Cantos XVII. and XVIII., 3s. 6d. Juan Scundus, Canto I. 3s. 6d. Powlett's Christian Truth, 9s. Ravenna, or Italian Love, a Tragedy, 3s. 6d. Bedford's Wanderings of Childe Harolde, 3 vols. 12. 1s.

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Yet hath my night of life some memory.
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left.

Shakspeare.

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